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MEETING OF TWO COUSINS, AFTER THE LAPSE OF FORTY YEARS.

STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGER, AND A RECONCILIATION.

A GLEAM of sunshine had broken through the gloomy clouds which hung over the Marsdens. It
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was not very bright; but it was something, and something to be thankful for. Basil, at all events, was not only thankful, but hopeful; and, with a lightened heart, he took possession of his desk in the dark and dingy counting-house in Thames-

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street, with his mind full of strong resolutions to become the very mirror of clerkship. Here for the present we must leave him.

Another gleam of sunshine, when, a few days later, Mr. Reed looked in upon Mr. Leonard Marsden, professedly to inquire after the health of his principal's former client, and covertly to offer him, if he found it desirable, a small appointment, with a small salary, in some civic court, which had become vacant, and which it was in Mr. Thornburn's power to fill up. "It is not so lucrative as we could wish," said Mr. Reed, apologetically, when he had broken the ice; "but the labour is light, and the situation gentlemanly; and if you will accept it till something better turns up," (Mr. Reed shrewdly guessed that nothing better was very likely to "turn up" in favour of the ruined man), "Mr. Thornburn will feel obliged." The offer was too good to be slighted, and Mr. Thornburn's delicate kindness too manifest not to be appreciated; and Mr. Marsden entered upon the duties of his office with a grateful, if not with a light, heart.

One afternoon, not long after this arrangement, when Mr. Marsden returned to his home in the Strand, he was informed that a lady, who had declined giving her name, was awaiting his arrival—was even then in his sitting-room. "A very peremptory person she seems," said Mr. Harebell; "she would not be refused. If we were afraid of her robbing the house, she said, we might sit with her while she waited, and keep watch; but go into your room she would, and stir from it she should not, till you came home."

"It must be a mistake," said Mr. Marsden; "I do not know any such peremptory lady; but I shall soon see;" and he ascended the stairs.

"You don't know me, Leonard, I suppose," said the visitor, in a cold, measured tone, as she rose at his entrance, and stately offered her hand, which he grasped with a painful sense of embarrassment. Seen in the dim, fading, smoky light of a November afternoon in London, partially assisted by the fitful blaze of a sea-coal fire, the lady, whoever she might be, was not prepossessing. She was middle-aged, tall, and thin. Her lips were thin and compressed, her features prominent and somewhat angular, her eyes sharp and piercing in their steady gaze. Mr. Marsden almost shrunk from them, as he stammered something about his unhappiness that he could not recognise the visitor who had addressed him with such stately familiarity.

"I did not suppose you would know me, Leonard: it would be strange if you had known me; for we have never met before since we were children. These family quarrels are bad things, cousin:—for we are cousins."

"Not—not—my cousin Penelope, surely?" exclaimed Mr. Marsden, hastily: "and yet it must be so. This, this is indeed unexpected. I can scarcely believe it."

"I am Penelope Chester, nevertheless," replied the lady; "and we are cousins. Shall we be friends?"

"Be seated, cousin," said Mr. Marsden, with some agitation of manner and voice; "and let us talk calmly and kindly. It seems only yesterday

that we were, as you say, children together; let us think of that time."

The lady suffered herself to be led to the sofa, after Mr. Marsden had wheeled it to the fire; she waited patiently while her cousin, with unnerved hands, lighted a candle and replenished his fire; but she resisted his entreaties that she would disrobe and unbonnet; she still looked keenly into her cousin's face, and when he seated himself on the opposite side of the hearth, she repeated the same question in the same unmoved tone:—

"Shall we be friends?"

"Why should we not be friends, Miss Chester?" he demanded feebly; "we surely never had any personal enmity; though circumstances have, through life, estranged us."

"Cousin Leonard," said the lady, "with near relations estrangement is enmity."

"It is all a strange and unpleasant muddle to me, Penelope," resumed Mr. Marsden, sighing: "I never knew how it happened exactly that our parents became so angry with each other, as I suppose they must have been, so that when yours, and you, my dear cousin, left London, your names were scarcely ever mentioned——"

"The old story it was, cousin Leonard; there was a quarrel about money—the root of all evil. I am surprised you do not know that."

"I knew that there was a—a—an unpleasantness respecting some property—a disputed will, I think."

"A lost will, cousin, not a disputed one," said Miss Chester, again interposing, and speaking with something like bitter emphasis, though very calmly.

"A lost will, was it? I never knew; nor did I wish to know. I only knew that I was sorry when my little playmate was gone. And then, after a time, the remembrance almost faded away. My father and mother both died; my father's business came to me, and I married; then my poor wife died, and I left London. All this time I had never heard of my uncle and aunt——"

"They are both dead—both dead, cousin," said the lady, with a slightly tremulous voice. "It is death, death, everywhere; but why should I be troubled? They died in peace and faith, and it came in the course of nature. 'Our fathers! do they live for ever?' But I interrupted you, cousin; you were saying——" and her keen eyes were once more fixed on Mr. Marsden, seeming to say, "Go on with your shrift, my cousin; but you will not escape me, for I am in the right and you are in the wrong; and you must feel it too, sir, before we have done, though I am come to make friends with you." This was a good deal, certainly, for a pair of eyes to say; but who does not know how eloquent eyes can sometimes be? "You were saying——" quoth Miss Penelope.

"Nothing to much purpose, perhaps, cousin Penelope; it was only that time has rolled away almost insensibly with me. I always have thought how pleasant it would be if we could renew our old friendship; and I have sometimes been almost on the point of writing to you. I think I should have done so if I had been quite certain of your place of residence; but I was not, and so I held back from writing. And then came—but perhaps, cousin, you do not know that I am a ruined

man, and my poor children brought down to poverty too."

"If I had not known that," said the lady, "I should not have travelled a hundred miles and more, at this time of year—nor—nor at any other time—to seek after you, Leonard. When you were living in plenty, I would not have darkened your doors uninvited. It is wrong to say so, perhaps, and more wrong to have felt so; but I did. We are frail creatures, cousin, and the old Adam clings to us, do what we will; and it is better to say this, than to be hypocritical about it. And there might be a reason given for this, cousin—a reason for sinful pride to cling to, at least:—you were rich, and I was poor."

"I did not know that, Penelope—I did not indeed, dear cousin, or I would have sought you out. I thought, at least I fancied, that your parents, like mine, had done well——"

"It seems that you know little, cousin Marsden, of the reasons why they left London—now nearly forty years ago," rejoined Penelope Chester, almost sternly.

"I have said that I have only a faint remembrance of a disagreement——"

"Say a quarrel, Leonard—a violent quarrel. I like to call things by their right names."

"It might be so, Penelope," said Mr. Marsden; "but I rarely heard my parents speak of yours afterwards. It may be that there were faults on both sides; there generally are in family disputes: why should we revive the remembrance?"

"You said that you did not know that we were struggling with poverty, cousin; and it is right you should know how it came about. Your father and my mother were brother and sister. They were to have inherited, jointly and equally, our grandfather's property when he died. He made a will, Leonard, and when he died that will could never be found."

"But, cousin, cousin—Penelope—Miss Chester!" exclaimed Mr. Marsden, "you do not mean, you cannot believe——"; and he rose from his seat and paced the room in strong agitation.

"We were both children at that time, Leonard," replied Miss Chester, quietly going on with her story, "and we believed then what we were told: I did, at any rate. Perhaps I have altered some of my opinions; but, be that how it may, we left London, and my parents broke off the connection with yours. I will do your father the justice to say, however, that he had offered to share their father's property, but he would not share it equally; and if he had offered to do that, I don't think my father would have listened to it, for he always said that he would not take as a favour what ought to have been his by right; no, not to the value of a shoe-latchet. And now you know, cousin Leonard, the history of the quarrel."

"You have told me more than I ever knew before, Penelope; but why should we revive such a painful subject? And this does not account for what you said about your having been poor; for I remember enough to convince me that, when we were children, your parents were richer, or seemed to be richer, than mine."

"It is easily accounted for, however, Leonard," continued the lady: "your father went on trading, and gained money; mine took to manufacturing,

and lost almost all that he had. We struggled on and on, for a good many years; and when first my mother and then my father died, I was left destitute."

"And you did not remember then that you had a cousin?" said Mr. Marsden reproachfully, yet tenderly.

"Yes I did, Leonard; but, as I told you just now, there was the old Adam in my heart. 'No, no,' I said, 'let him come and find me.' Besides, I did not know what difference so many years might have made in you; and, after all, I thought it would be more independent to earn my own bread; so I went to service."

"To service!" exclaimed Mr. Marsden.

"Why not, cousin? It was honest and honourable. I became housekeeper to an old lady, who, when she died, left me the greater part of her money, and the rest of it to charities. She had no one else to leave it to, so there were no relations to quarrel about the will. I became rich, therefore, with a clear conscience—as rich, at least, as a lonely woman need to be, having enough for all my wants. And now, I ask you once more, cousin Leonard, shall we be friends?"

"You offer friendship," said Mr. Marsden, after a few moments' consideration, "to one who has now no means of showing the reality of his: but, having never felt enmity, why should I not say that I take it kind of you to have made the first effort for the renewal of intercourse; and that I take shame to myself——"

"Don't say any more, Leonard: friends then let us be," said Penelope, rising, and offering her ungloved hand—it had been gloved before—in token of renewed amity. "When can I see you again?" she asked.

"You are not going now," said Mr. Marsden; "I seem to have a great deal more to say and to hear; and you will make your home here; my poor girls' chamber that is to be, is at your service; it shall be prepared for you, and you will live with us while you remain in London: there are only my boy, Basil, and myself. You would not come to see me at Willow-lodge, but you must let me be your host in London."

But no: Miss Chester had already taken lodgings: she would spend an evening or two with her cousin before she left London; for she had a plan in her head: she would be introduced to her young cousin Basil, too, but not then: she would not allow her cousin to accompany her to her lodgings, which were in Piccadilly: there was no need for it; she came in a hackney coach, and should return in one: and thus departing, she left her cousin in a muse, from which he was aroused only by the return of Basil from what he pleasantly called his "den" in Thames-street.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RETROSPECT AND AN EPISODE.

FORTY years before the date of our story, one summer's evening, a gentleman, a lady, and a girl about ten years old, were travelling in a post-chaise along a winding road in or near the heart of Gloucestershire. They had travelled far that day, and they were tired: the roads were hilly and rough; and this, the last stage of their journey,

was a long one; and the poor beasts that drew the vehicle were tired.

They were proceeding slowly and cautiously down a steep hill; the lady and the child were almost asleep, when the husband's voice roused them:—"Now, Martha, wake up: now, my little Pen, open your pretty eyes and look about you. We are getting near home. There, tell me what you think of this?"

We have seen many beautiful spots in England, but none more lovely than that on which the eyes of the travellers were then fixed. Below them—for they were yet descending—lay a wide and fertile valley, bounded by irregular, rounded hills, whose steeper sides were clothed with flourishing plantations of larch and birch, and the gentler green slopes of which were dotted with sheep and cattle. A small river wound through the valley, which was sprinkled over with cottages—some standing singly, some in pairs, some in larger groups, but all in picturesque irregularity, and as white as whitewash could make them. In close proximity to every cottage, and indeed throughout the valley, as far as eye could reach or discern, were large and flourishing orchards, the fruit of which, at that particular time of year, and with the adventitious help of the evening sunshine, shed a golden ruddy tinge upon the foliage amidst which it was half hidden. A few farm-houses with their homesteads were to be seen; and in one or two spots, near to the river, were thicker collections of cottages, which betokened village life; one or two church-spires were visible also: but the more prominent building in the whole valley was a large mill, which partially overhung the river, and formed the nucleus of a group of small houses, evidently intended for the workmen and their families. At a short distance from the mill rose a modern mansion, of modest pretensions in point of size, but boasting extensive gardens, with greenhouses and hothouses without, and within all the conveniences and luxuries which a high state of civilisation is understood and expected to include.

"Our home—our new home, my dear Martha," said Mr. Chester, as a turn of the road made partly visible what we have endeavoured to describe; and, pointing to the mansion, "what do you think of it?"

"It looks very pretty," said the lady, quernulously; "I hope we shall be happy there, I am sure; but my head aches very badly."

It was not the reply the gentleman had expected. He had reserved himself for this *coup d'ail*.

"Only pretty, my dear? Well, my little Pen, what do you think of it?"

"It is a beautiful place, father," said the girl, in admiration, but timidly. Is that our house, that great thing that looks as if it were going to tumble into the river?"

"No, Pen, no: why, what eyes you must have, child, to fancy that to be a house. That is my mill—the mill I was telling you about the other day, where I am going to have cloth made for gentlemen's coats and such things. There, now you can see the house more plainly; the sun is shining full on the windows and the glass lights of the greenhouse."

"Yes, father, I see it now. I like the look of it very much; and it is a very, very pretty place. I am glad we are going to live in the country, only—" and she stopped short.

"Only what, Pen?"

"Only if uncle and aunt Marsden, and cousin Leonard, could come and live here too."

"You very naughty child," exclaimed the mother, in a stern voice and with an angry look, forgetful of her headache; "after what I have said to you, to be speaking of them!"

"Oh, mother," sobbed the trembling child, "I did not know, I was not thinking—"

"Penelope," interposed her father, in a calm, cold voice, very different from the almost joyous and light tones which had just before fallen from his lips—"listen to me, my girl, and pay attention to your mother's commands and mine. Your uncle and aunt have behaved very badly to us; they have robbed us of a great deal of money; how they have done this I will tell you when you are older and better able to understand such matters. It is owing to them that we have left London; for I could not live near where they live. And now you will understand that you are never to speak of them—never to mention their names—never, if you can help it, to think of them; or if you think of them, let it be to pray that God will enable them to repent of their sin, and forgive them. You understand what I say, Penelope?"

"Yes, father," said the shrinking child, in a whisper.

"Then be sure you obey me in this. If you do not, you will bring upon yourself both anger and punishment. Now, let us say no more on the subject."

They had by this time descended into the valley, and were nearing their destination. Once more Mr. Chester resumed his tone of kindness, and strove to draw the attention of his child—the mother was evidently not in a mood to be pleased—to the varied objects which they passed on the road. Now it was an orchard, laden with fruit; then a group of children, staring at the rattling chaise; lastly, a neat brick building, near to the road side, surrounded by a grave-yard.

"That is our place of worship, Penelope. We shall go there on Sundays, and I hope you will be very attentive. The good man who preaches there is a very worthy old gentleman, and he will come to see us sometimes, I dare say. He wears a rather large white wig; you must be sure that you do not laugh at it or him."

The charm was broken, however. A cold chill of dread and wonderment had fallen on the child's heart, and she never forgot her first introduction to her new home. The impression was indelibly fixed in her mind, and forty years had failed to efface it: it was an impression of pain and sorrow.

The advent of Mr. Chester in the half pastoral, half manufacturing Gloucestershire valley was hailed with lively demonstrations of joy. The mansion had been deserted, and the mill closed, some years; but now a London gentleman was come to give employment to the workmen, who had suffered severely from the bankruptcy of the late owner.

Mr. Chester thought that he had reason to con-

gratulate himself. He had obtained a long lease of the property on very low terms; and the bankruptcy of the former owner was not fairly attributable to the depression or fluctuation of the manufacturing interest, but rather to the almost unlimited expenses in which he had indulged. He had expended hundreds a year on his gardens, hundreds on his stables, unnecessary hundreds on his housekeeping. His family was large and fearfully extravagant; and the result was a sudden crash, which involved the whole neighbourhood, more or less, in his ruin.

Now, all these avenues to ruin Mr. Chester could easily avoid; and though his property was comparatively small, it was only to feel his way cautiously, and advance by degrees, as God should prosper him.

Mr. Chester's plans were laid with sagacity and conducted with prudence; and for a time he succeeded. Then came a time of gloomy depression, of heavy losses, of faint uncertain hopes, of more certain fears, of gradual diminution of capital, year after year, of intense anxiety and incessant struggles, until fifteen years had passed away; then—bankruptcy.

During this time Penelope Chester's mind had been moulded by the circumstances which surrounded her. She had a stern unsympathising mother—an indulgent father: between the two the years of her childhood were passed in alternate sunshine and grief. But as she approached womanhood the sorrows of life accumulated. Her father's ill success began to sour his temper, and cast an additional gloom over a household which, at the best of times, had been trained to the strict discipline of her mother. She had but few companions of her own age and rank in society: her education was contracted and her intellect unguided. A cruel disappointment in love, when she was scarcely twenty, proved nearly fatal to her life, and destroyed what buoyancy of heart had remained to her. Then came her father's distresses.

Mr. Chester passed honourably through the ordeal; but all prospect of retrieving his former position was lost. The mill and the mansion passed into other hands, and he was glad to become a travelling clerk to the business which had been his own. This was an unhappy event to Penelope. In her father's society she had some pleasure, or, if not pleasure, repose; in her mother's, none—none but the consciousness of a rigid performance of daily duties.

Meanwhile, she had heard the tale of her uncle Marsden's alleged delinquency in the matter of the lost will. She implicitly believed it, and naturally attributed the present poverty of her parents, and all her own sufferings and griefs, to that source; and the bitter indignation which she felt against these relatives was enhanced when she accidentally heard of their continued prosperity. Nevertheless, she could but remember her cousin Leonard with softened feelings: he, at least, was innocent; and when news reached her (equally accidentally with the former) of his bereavements, she would have liked to comfort him.

But Penelope had bereavements of her own to mourn. Her father, worn down by care, died; then, not many months later, her mother. Penelope had spoken truly when she said that they

both died in peace and faith: but there had been blemishes and inconsistencies in their characters, which had wrought much unhappiness to themselves and others—the mother by her habitual unloveliness—the father by a high and hasty spirit. It had not only wrought this much unhappiness, but it had laid the foundation for more, in after years. It is one of the most pregnant truths in the whole scope of divine revelation and human experience, that "no man liveth unto himself."

When her parents died, Penelope found herself, as she declared to her cousin, destitute. But she had been schooled by adversity, and hardened against sensibility by long training. She sought and found a domestic service; but we need not repeat what she has already explained.

The property bequeathed to her at the death of her ancient mistress was considerable; and it included a house in that same valley which had witnessed the trials and disappointments of her life from ten years old upwards. It was a pleasant cottage or lodge—using either term technically, as descriptive of a home of luxury on a small scale than that understood by the rather technical terms of "house," or "hall." The former owner had called the place "Rose-lodge;" and it is indicative of Miss Penelope's turn of mind, that, either in the whim of a moment, or as the result of deep reflection, she at once re-named it by an affix. From the time of her entrance into it as her own, it became "Rosemary-lodge." But, rose or rosemary, it was, as we have said, a pleasant home.

Pleasant in all material appliances and associations; but joyless, from the joyless spirit of its new owner. Miss Penelope—or, as she now chose to style herself Mistress Chester—had but a slender establishment—two maid-servants and a man. She ruled them with an iron sceptre. She received no guests, except the minister of the place of worship which she had attended from her girlhood, and to which she was attached by early associations and later membership. It is scarcely necessary to say that this minister was not the full-bottomed and white-wigged pastor of Penelope's young days, but his third or fourth successor.

Mrs. Chester was not beloved by her fellow communicants, in the highest and best sense of the word. I doubt if the young minister regarded her other than as a severe censor of his sermons and his walk and conduct, though he highly respected her: her poor neighbours did not love her, I am sure—she was so strict and intolerable. Had she been a man, she would have realised the apostle's reference to the "righteous man," for whom one would "scarcely" like to die; rather than the "good man," for whom one would "even dare to die." Nevertheless, there was much in Mrs. Chester to demand reverence. Her life-long struggles, her high principles, her consistency, her praiseworthy independence of character when she was poor, her faithful discharge of duty while she was in service, her fortitude—all these matters were known, and demanded respect, as did also her extensive though judicious and searching benevolence, when Providence had enriched her with means, and enlarged her sphere of usefulness. The struggling poor, if their characters were good—not

otherwise—and these were not taken on trust—found in her a benefactress, and, as far as she could sympathise, a sympathising counsellor; I had almost written *friend*, but this would have been going too far. On the other hand, woe to the improvident and reckless, the dissipated and abandoned, as well as to the strolling beggar, who ventured to the door of Rosemary-lodge.

Such was Penelope Chester: how different, in almost every respect, from the promise of childhood, when, as little cousin Pen, she played with Leonard Marsden! How different from what she might have been under other circumstances, and with other training!

It was on a cold November morning, some four or five years after Mrs. Chester had succeeded to Rose—we beg pardon, to Rosemary-lodge—that the small household was thrown into a state of perturbation and high excitement by the sudden determination of its mistress to set out on a journey to London. Not to make mystery where there is none, let us at once explain that this hitherto unheard-of adventure was owing to a glimpse which Miss Penelope had caught of a London newspaper, some two months old, in which the property of Leonard Marsden was advertised for sale, and in which also his appearance at the court for relief of insolvent debtors was inserted: the said newspaper having reached her by a circuitous route, the last stage of which was the village shop.

"I am not certain how long I may be absent, Hannah," said Mrs. Chester to her wondering housekeeper and cook; "but I shall look to you to see that all things are kept in order while I am gone. Perhaps I may have some one with me when I return; but if I should, I will let you know beforehand, that the spare bedroom may be got ready."

"But must you really go such weather as this, ma'am?" Hannah ventured to remonstrate; "and outside the coach too! It will be the death of you, ma'am."

"You are a — simpleton, Hannah," said the mistress, sharply, after hesitating for a stronger expression, which almost escaped between her upper teeth and lower lip, but which she kept in: "cannot I wrap up in cloaks and shawls? It is bad enough to have to go to London or anywhere else, without having to pay inside fares. I am neither salt nor sugar, Hannah." (Sure enough, you are not *sugar*, ma'am, thought Hannah: a few grains of *salt* there may be); "and I shall not melt, I dare say.—Must go! to be sure I must; do you think I should be such a fool" (she let out the word this time) "to be strolling about the country for my own pleasure?"

After this, Hannah was dumb; and on the evening of the following day, Miss Penelope, or Mrs. Chester—whichever the reader pleases—was, without misadventure, landed safely in London. Her first care was to secure lodgings, which was easily accomplished: her next was to find her cousin.

With a vague idea that he might yet be at his old home, she posted the next morning to Willow-lodge, and found it deserted. By good hap, she lighted on Mary Morgan, who, nothing loth, told

the story of her patron's distresses, and gave some account of his family.

"But where is the man to be found now?" asked Miss Penelope, quickly.

Mary hesitated; she did not like the sharp manner of the querist, nor her looks either, as she afterwards acknowledged.

"What is the woman hesitating about?" said Miss Penelope, more sharply: "I want to know where Mr. Marsden is living now; you must know, for you say you 'do his washing' still."

"If I thought it would be agreeable to him, and you didn't want to know for any harm," said the landress.

"Of course I don't," said Mrs. Chester: "I am his cousin, silly woman; and it is good I want to do him, not harm; and I adjure you——"

"Oh no, ma'am, pray don't do that; I don't want to have nothing to do with juries; I can tell you without that."

And thus extracting from Mary the information she sought, Miss Penelope returned to London, and accomplished the first interview, which we have already recorded.

THE DISEASES OF OUR LABOURING MEN.

WHEN aroused to reflection, there probably is no man who cannot supply from the records of his own memory, and his own experience of life, some one or more instances in which human health has been broken, and human life sacrificed, in consequence of the unwholesome character of the individual employment of the victim; instances, too, in which this shattered health, with all its concomitant evils of poverty and wretchedness—this untimely death, with its heart-rending appanages of sorrow, its homeless widows and its breadless babes—were not *necessary* evils, nor uncontrollable destinies. We are indeed deeply conscious that human skill and science can never attain to a perfection which shall altogether prevent the existence of any employment which must of necessity tend to shorten life; but this acknowledgment of the finiteness of our powers would indeed affect us in a way strangely at variance with the spirit in which we make it, if we therefore slackened in our exertions to lessen these injurious circumstances wherever it is possible—if we indolently permitted them to exist *unnecessarily*.

To this subject of industrial pathology—this question of how the sanitary evils attendant on various employments may best be obviated, or at any rate ameliorated—the Society of Arts has turned its attention; and it is pursuing certain practical and systematic inquiries with a view to actual improvement, and the application of an energetically-applied remedy. It has been actively engaged in investigating, and collecting, and collating evidence on the subject, together with preventive or remedial suggestions, from all parts of the country; having for this purpose issued a circular form of questions which, when filled up and duly compared, must supply a most valuable mass of real information, such as will, it is hoped, lead to results of a most beneficial and practical character.

For the present, however, the society is compelled to direct its attention rather to the awakening of the sufferers, or, in a few instances, the causers of the suffering, to a consciousness of the non-necessary character of the evils complained of, rather than to making propositions for their remedy or abolition. The latter must be an after-work, reared on the foundation of the information procured. Certain of their members, however, have already compiled careful and suggestive reports on the subject, chiefly, it would appear, with a view to command attention to the questions to be examined. Amongst these we may especially refer to Dr. King Chambers and Mr. Herbert Mackworth, who, in papers respectively entitled, "Industrial Pathology," and "The Pathology of Miners," have brought together facts of a most interesting, though most painful nature. To some one or more of these facts almost every one amongst us, according to the circumstances which have determined his position in life, must be able to subscribe from his own knowledge; while to the minds of many of our readers other parallel and equally fatal injuries will suggest themselves. We shall therefore lay before them a brief abstract of the contents of both these papers, prefacing them with but one additional remark, that in certain employments, not only certain diseases are prevalent, but that those diseases not unfrequently become a heritage, even where the child does not work at that task which caused it in the parent—a fact furnishing a most painful and impressive example of the necessity for serious endeavours to examine all that we have the power to amend.

We will first consider the report of Mr. H. Mackworth, both because it refers to a single branch of employment, and because it more fully enters into the details of the causes of the injuries described, which are, in this particular instance, most generally referable to a single cause—the simple, but most culpable, because most unnecessary, insufficiency of the supply of air. In coal mines, he says, at least one out of every eight colliers dies a violent death, from explosions of fire-damp, breakage of ropes, &c. And yet, fearful as this average is, it, he adds, is small compared with the injurious consequences, the shortening of life, resulting from insufficient ventilation and other minor but constantly acting and removable causes. So it is;

"The silent drops, in time, we see
The craggy rock make soft."

And thus the daily, hourly insufficiency of supply of air, or the deleterious quality of it which is supplied, will enfeeble the fullest pulse, enervate the strongest arm, and lay low in death the most vigorous frame.

A farther examination of the statistics of Mr. Mackworth will show us that calculations based on careful inquiries declare the average of the lives of miners, in British coal, copper, tin, iron, and lead mines, to be shortened unduly from twelve to fifteen years; so that, in other words, "the lives of 300,000 individuals are shortened by one-third!"

Every measure which is taken to remedy this state of things must, as a matter of course, re-act

most favourably on the interests of the employer, it being generally found that in mines where efficient ventilation has been introduced, the miners could, with less exertion, *do one-fourth more work*. A striking case in point is mentioned by Mr. Mackworth as having occurred during the past year at the United Mines in Cornwall, where three sets of men were employed in driving a level in which the temperature was 105 degrees Fahrenheit, and where the relays were in consequence changed every five minutes. His suggestions, however, being carried into effect, caused a lowering of the temperature to seventy degrees, which produced to the owners a far more than commensurate reduction in the expenses of the working, over and above the sanitary advantages reaped by the men. At the temperature of 105 degrees, the working cost 177. per fathom; while at the reduced ratio of 75 degrees it was comfortably carried on at an expense of only 57. per fathom, or considerably less than one-third of the former outlay!

From these stern facts, we turn to the paper of Dr. King Chambers, which is perhaps of a wider interest, and even of a more suggestive character, though rather aiming at the arousing of attention to, than the examining the causes of, industrial injuries to health. We are all familiar with the baneful effects of the constant inhalation of the fumes of white lead, which destroy life by the disease known as "painters' colic," or render it a burden to the man whose occupation has palsied him long before age has laid its iron grasp on his frame. We have known an instance in which a single night passed in an ill-ventilated and newly-painted room has actually suspended the action of the flexor muscles of the arms, effectually paralyzing them so far as their being voluntarily raised was concerned,* and we cannot overlook the fact that house-painters rarely, if ever, attain to a healthy old age. Yet prevention is in our hands. The protoxide of zinc forms a perfect and an innocuous substitute for white lead, and might, with a little attention, be produced at an equally low price. We are told that a shoemaker whose lungs and digestive organs are free from disease is a favoured individual such as we rarely meet. Nor can it be otherwise, while he works in so constrained a position, with what Dr. Chambers terms the "taproots" of the boot-tree pressing the breast-bone inward throughout the whole of his working hours. The report gives an instance of one case where a hollow as large as the fist was thus produced just above the region of the stomach. It were no figure of speech to say that this man's industry was "eating into his very vitals." Yet it would appear that these sufferings, being wholly produced by *mechanical* means,

* That the instance to which we refer was that of a man habitually intemperate, makes no difference in its general application. In this individual case the constitution was probably in a state which would accelerate and render certain the action of the poisoned atmosphere; but we believe other instances to be far from unfamiliar to the medical profession. From the year 1838 to 1847 inclusive, no fewer than 3142 persons entered the Paris hospital alone for the treatment of diseases arising from the fumes of lead working, of whom 1998 persons suffered from the effects of white lead in various ways. We understand that M. Leclaire, of Paris, has, since the year 1846, used the protoxide of zinc for every purpose where white lead was formerly employed in his establishment, and with the most satisfactory results.

should be preventible in the present state of mechanical knowledge and applied science. Greater difficulties perhaps surround us in the case of looking-glass makers and water-gilders, who may be constantly seen in the metropolitan hospitals lingering under mercurial paralysis; and also in those of the makers of lucifer-matches, whose jaw-bones actually decay before the sulphur fumes over which they are obliged to bend while at work. Nor is this so insignificant a branch of trade as may at first sight be supposed. In Paris alone, ten thousand hands are daily employed in the manufacture of these matches!—one establishment annually consuming no less than 1200 kilogrammes of phosphorus in this way—a quantity which, according to M. Payen, is less than one-twentieth part of the annual consumption in the whole of France, the internal consumption and exportation of which has been estimated at 76,800,000 matches per day—an estimate which, though extending but to a single country, gives a most startling significance to the information of Dr. Chambers.

The standing posture of washerwomen makes them the most constant subjects of varicose veins; a fact which will also be proved by a reference to the Reports of the London hospitals. Apropos to this we may mention, that since the appearance of the report of Dr. Chambers, a person residing in Manchester has given notice of his having constructed a machine for performing the office of the washerwomen; whether, however, it will act more efficiently than contrivances of a similar nature which have at different times attracted public attention, we have not been able to ascertain.

The report draws especial attention to the employment of coal-whipping, as it is termed, which presents a singular example of the most careless waste of that labour which it is at once our boast and our privilege to economise in a way unprecedented in any former age, and which at the same time affects with fatal force that most vital organ, the heart. For ten or twelve hours in the day the coal-whipper is employed in the task of jumping upwards to the height of one or two feet, and then throwing his whole weight on a rope—a practice which, by its constant jerking, overstrains the fibres of the heart, and most usually makes the labourer a victim to hopeless heart disease. It needs no familiarity with pathology, coal-whipping, mechanics, or industrial economy, to suggest to us the extraordinary extravagance of such a proceeding in an age when machinery actually is employed for the purpose of keeping the meat which slowly revolves before the fire supplied with a due and regular succession of dripping, thus at once and effectually economising the cook's complexion and her time!

Many will tell us that these questions should be left to those whom they most deeply concern; that the sufferers from these things complain not, and that they cannot therefore be insupportable evils. Others will refer us to the endeavour which was some years ago made to lessen the dangers of needle-sharpeners, who usually perished before attaining to the age of thirty, from pulmonary disease induced by the inhalation of the almost impalpable iron filings which filled the atmo-

sphere in which they worked; they will tell us that these benighted men actually refused to adopt the proposed plan of conglomerating these particles on magnets properly placed for that purpose, *because* they knew that with the loss of its fatal character their labour would diminish in value. Their lives would be lengthened, indeed, but their wages diminished! To the first of these advocates for the "let alone" system we would reply by a question, whether the sick man is the fittest physician for his own disease; or whether his very endurance of the evil does not render him incapable of remedying it? To the second we say, would you not wrest from the maniac the knife which he was about to plunge into his own heart, even though, by so doing, you jarred some feeling of his mind, or caused him the irritation of disappointed intention?

That something may be done by the sufferers themselves we grant, but that more must be effected by the bystanders we insist. The cause is a common one, and employer, employed, and consumer must work hand in hand, or it is lost. The duty is imperative on all. We repeat, with a sense of earnest conviction, that *all* are interested in the elucidation of the inquiry; that no effort should be spared to insure its investigation; and that while a single employment causes *needless expenditure* of human life, there is a stern task, yet unworked out, before us; and one which, if we shrink from, we plainly shirk a duty imposed on us alike by the laws of God and man.

GOLOWIN'S BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sad events narrated in the last chapter taught our poor exiles one thing, namely, that much prudence was needful, and a great degree of courage, to enable them to live in that frightful desert. The loss of their companions also led them rightly to estimate each other, to bear their mutual weaknesses and failings with pity and love, and to value more highly the good qualities of each individual. These four men from this time considered themselves as members of one whole, and many benevolent designs, many noble-minded sacrifices, sprung from this friendly relationship.

February and March passed slowly away, and with them many dangers, many alarms, and much trouble and labour. The active Sajew, on the milder days, gradually constructed a boat—a rowing boat, to which a mast might be added. This was put under the shed at present, as the main things, the ropes and sail, were wanted, and the exiles did not possess materials or skill to contrive these. The severity of the weather still continued; the river which adjoined them was still covered with ice four feet thick; deep snow still lay on the earth, and no trace of approaching spring was seen. The toll-guard one day appeared and broke the monotony of their life. A small division of Cossacks accompanied them, from whom our friends learned that there had been an obstinate and bloody fight on one of the steppes further south, between some smugglers and Russian soldiers, when several were left dead and many



THE EXILES RENDERING TRIBUTE TO THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER.

wounded on both sides. The toll-guard candidly confessed that the smugglers generally had the best of those encounters, and carried their rich booty over the southern boundary.

The exiles now knew why their late visitors had not returned. They learnt prudence from this last mischance.

"Have smugglers been with you?" said one of the toll-guard, in broken Russian. This question took the little party painfully by surprise, conscious as they were of the extent to which they were incriminated. While they meditated a reply, however, their querist, with a malicious smile, pointed out some of the articles purchased of the contrabandists, and which had been forgotten to be concealed, and added: "The track on the river, too, betrays you."

Further concealment was in vain; but the toll-

guard finally inflicted no greater punishment than to appropriate to themselves the smuggled articles. With them, as with so many others who do not regard the principle of duty in their employments, the notion passed current: "Help yourself as well as you can;" and "Let those only be punished who let themselves be caught in injustice." These are mischievous maxims, but if travellers have not belied Russia, they rule throughout the bulk of her public functionaries.

Some cups of schnapps, which Golowin offered the toll-guard from the small remains of their store, made them very good friends together, and by frequent visits the four Russians became so accustomed to these officials, that they cast away all reserve with them.

Some few weeks after the above occurrence the exiles were sitting quietly at work in their hut,

when suddenly two Cossacks appeared as the bearers of important intelligence. The government tribute commissioner was on his circuit, and might be expected any hour. "If you wish," said one of the messengers, "to make the officers favourable to you, get ready some particularly fine skins to present to each, though you need not offer more than the prescribed tribute. It is not well to show you have more, or they will blame you for an over-pursuit of the game; or if the richness of the neighbourhood be discovered, a larger number of criminals will be sent here, and your subsistence rendered more difficult." Unhappy country! whose system of government at every step suggests reasons for concealment and duplicity.

The exiles hastened to prepare for the anticipated visit. The skins for the commissioner were packed neatly together, and some black sables were laid aside for the officers. The hut was then cleared, everything placed as orderly as possible, and some good meat cooked, so that in case the gentlemen wished to eat, they might find something, and be kept in good humour.

The next day our friends found how necessary these precautions were; for about sun-set a troop of twenty-four Cossacks appeared, escorting several sledges. Golowin and his friends thought these were the officers themselves, but speedily discovered that they merely formed part of their attendants. There was a cook, who took possession of the hut, and set up his work-shop. In the sledges were a table, chairs, table-linen, knives, pewter, forks, spoons, wine and brandy flasks, &c. The Cossacks erected a tent on the surface of the river; their numbers gradually increased, so that the place unexpectedly assumed a lively appearance.

The officers arrived in the evening. Our friends had not wanted entertainment during the day; but their hut was taken possession of for the new visitors, who were to sleep there. Golowin and his party obtained permission to remain with the servants, for whose accommodation a large tent was placed on the river. Three hundred horses, and about fifty heavily-laden sledges, had now made their appearance. There was also a multitude of large shaggy dogs. The officers, on their arrival, had at once repaired to the hut, and did not again appear outside it. The servants and Cossacks were left to take care of themselves; and as the locality was not wanting in game, they had soon taken a good number of birds and some hares, out of which they made a capital supper.

On the following morning, as the whole caravan prepared to depart, Golowin and his friends were sent for. They found the commissioner with the commandant of the adjoining station. Both the gentlemen were dressed in costly furs, and sat in comfortable arm-chairs at a luxurious table, on which various meats and warm drinks were steaming. The exiles were inspected by them, and at last one of the gentlemen was pleased to address them as follows:—

"You are comfortably settled here. Did you find the hut ready built, or build it yourselves?"

"We first erected it," said Golowin.

"What are you called?"

Golowin told his name, and, when questioned, the names of his fellow-sufferers.

"How long have you been here?" asked the other officer, taking up a list, and looking for the given names.

"Eight months."

"I find herein six names, and you are but four," said the man carelessly.

Golowin related the misfortunes by which Yermomoff and Stroganow had lost their lives. The officers listened in silence, without any token of surprise or sympathy. Such things are of daily occurrence in Siberia.

"You are well spoken of. I will give a favourable report to his highness the lord governor, and take care that a couple more men are sent here, so that you may find it easier to live. Deliver your tribute."

The exiles fetched the prepared parcel. It was opened, the skins counted, and all found satisfactory. The satisfaction was increased when Golowin offered the two officers ten costly black sables for their own use, above the appointed number. The officers accepted them, exchanged significant looks, and presented each of the exiles with a flask of brandy. They then wrapped themselves in their furs and left the hut. Golowin and his friends followed to the edge of the river, saw them mount their sledges, pass over with their numerous escort, and disappear in the wood on the other side. The rest of the servants packed up at once, and about noon our friends were again alone in their hut. They had enough to do during the remainder of the day, in restoring their former arrangements; but the visit had been agreeable in many respects, though it brought no particular change in their sad situation.

After many brighter days, with which March and the beginning of April were favoured, the sky suddenly began to be overcast, and the exiles dreaded a renewal of snow storms from the north, after the seven months formidable cold. Though it was now stormy, the wind was changeable, blowing alternately from the N.E. and W. A strange and almost awful disturbance seemed to pervade the air. The higher clouds were driven violently towards the north, while heavy black clouds were driving sometimes southward, sometimes westward. Our friends regarded this sport in the air with interest, till towards sunset some large drops fell; and soon after, to their great surprise, the long delayed event of a brief but heavy shower of rain occurred.

"Friends," said Lomineff, joyfully, "winter is departing; in this way spring sets in among these latitudes: we shall now have fearful storms, which will end with continued rain. In a few days the country will wear quite another aspect."

And so it was. Scarcely had the party returned to the hut and well secured everything, than the partial gusts of wind ceased, and the continued roaring in the wood indicated a change of wind. This was the beginning of the storm, which gained great violence about midnight. No one could sleep that night. The power of the wind was so great that, in spite of its firmness, the hut creaked and threatened to give way. The rustling of the wood died away in the roll of the tempest, which was like a mighty incessant thunder. Now and then, those within the hut perceived a hollow shivering sound, when the gusts split strong trees

in their neighbourhood, or the heavy ice on the river broke. The storm lasted the whole night, and after daybreak was succeeded by a regular hurricane. Sajew now trembled for the hut, which began to totter, and threatened to bury them beneath its weight. The four men therefore, provided with their tools, went out to strengthen the walls by cross-posts. The wind rushed by so as almost to take away their breath; but the temperature was so mild that their fur overcoats were uncomfortable, and after their work was completed they were glad to seek out their long-discontinued linen clothes. In spite of the fearful wind they remained outside the whole day securing the new boat, which, in the event of the river overflowing its banks, might have been swept away. They also gladly performed, in the open air, several labours which could only be done before under the shelter of their four walls. The snow was now so soft that there was no getting over it without snow-shoes—long narrow wooden soles, fastened to the feet.

"To-morrow, or when the weather is settled, we must go elk-hunting," said Lomineff. "Now is the right time, before the snow gives way. The elk's feet sink deep in the snow, and he cannot fly; while we with our snow shoes may easily catch him, and kill him without firing."

"To-morrow will not do; the river is still covered with ice," said Golowin.

"We can go across; the ice will last several days," said Sajew.

"If the ice does not drift," interposed Romanow, in a warning tone.

"Then we must wait till the ice drift is past, and go over with the boat."

They considered. The upper surface of ice would soon be melted, but it was extremely hard and cold at the depth of two feet. While they were talking, a warm rain began to fall, which speedily came down so violently that they were obliged to seek shelter in their hut.

Night came on, the wind abated as the rain poured more heavily, and a grateful quiet reigned around. "This silent but powerful working of nature—this struggle of spring with winter—has in it something sublime and noble," said Romanow to his friends, who listened after dinner to the measured dripping of the heavy rain.

"Hush! what is that?" said Golowin.

A deep, almost trumpet-like blowing and ringing was heard high in the air—now high treble sounds, now low deep tones. It approached, then again it seemed to die away gradually towards the north.

"What is that?" said Golowin, shuddering. "Is it an earthly sound, or are there disembodied spirits wandering in the woods?"

"Spirits!" said Sajew, laughing. All listened, for the sounds were repeated a hundred times, and but that they were so awful, they resembled distant music in harmonious concert.

"This is wonderful!" said Lomineff, "yet it has a natural cause. Let us go out and discover the reason of these noises."

The men followed him, and the prudent Golowin did not neglect to take a pair of loaded rifles. In spite of the thick clouds which swept across the sky, and the heavy rain, there was

light enough to discern tolerably well all the objects around, especially those in the clearer region above. As they were looking upwards, the same sound returned heavily and awfully; and soon the mystery was explained.

"There, look at the swans," said Lomineff; "they fly northwards, messengers of spring. It was their voices we heard."

And soon a numerous flight of large birds was visible. They flew in an angle formed by two lines of unequal length. When the foremost, the leader of the flock, began to cry, the second answered, then the third, and so on with the rest, producing the resemblance of one long-continued tone. The voice of this fine bird, which it takes care shall be heard on its passage, has something deep, hollow, and trumpet-like, although melancholy and musical at the same time. When many of them cry together in a variety of tones, a sort of plaintive harmony is produced. Our friends observed, during a short time, twenty such flocks, each numbering about fifty birds, pass the hut.

In the night numerous other flocks of birds followed, which could be distinguished by their voices. Cranes were especially noticeable, being known also by their short trumpet-like cry.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT.

It may be taken as a rule, that all the world delights in a genuine autobiography, and we have shared that feeling in recently perusing a narrative of the fortunes and life-experiences of Vincent Nolte, German by birth, merchant by profession, and, in natural and acquired character, something of a citizen of the world.

Though of German family, Mr. Nolte was born at Leghorn in Tuscany, where his father, a native of Hamburg, was then (in the year 1779) in partnership with an uncle as a merchant. When the boy was in his ninth year the father returned to Hamburg, and there Vincent received the principal part of his education. Some six years later he was sent back to Leghorn to learn the business of a merchant, in the house of which his father was still a partner. Here he seems to have contracted a good many loose and irregular habits, and to have shown a decided dislike for his employments. This coming to the knowledge of his father, he was recalled to Hamburg, and set to work in the parental counting-house in that city; where, being under proper authority and direction, he shortly achieved a character for great expertness and application.

The year 1799 was a most disastrous one for Hamburg trade; and among the many persons who suffered serious losses, was young Nolte's father, whose business, indeed, became so much reduced that it seemed plainly advisable for Vincent to look out for some engagement in another firm. Accordingly, in the year 1804, he accepted the offer of a situation in the house of Messrs. Labouchère and Troteau at Nantes, where he appears to have given satisfaction. So greatly were they pleased with his conduct and his general ideas of business, that, in conjunction with the firm

of Messrs. Hope and Co. of Amsterdam, they agreed to send him out upon an agency to America; and it was in this country, chiefly at New Orleans, that he subsequently established a house of business on his own account. His speculations were for the most part made in cotton; and his success for many years, first as the agent of the Labouchères and Hopes, and afterwards as an independent trader, was of a first-rate description.

It is not our intention, however, to concern ourselves here with his business proceedings. We prefer rather (and doubt not the reader will prefer likewise) to make a foray among the amusing incidents and anecdotes with which his life is interspersed; most of them having reference to eminent and distinguished persons with whom the author at different intervals came in contact. Let us start with a description, by our eye-witness, of the reception given at New York to the French general Moreau, who had lately been banished by Napoleon. As a guide for the reader's memory, we may as well say that the date is 1805. Nolte had been some weeks at Philadelphia and elsewhere, and had just gone back to New York.

"A few days after my arrival in the latter city," says he, "a rumour was circulated that a ship from Cadiz had entered the bay with the exiled general Moreau on board. It was not long before all the militia drums were heard in every part of the city, and their commander-in-chief, a lawyer by the name of Morton, went galloping about in all directions, on horseback, in the uniform of a general, followed by his adjutants, principally young law-students, as if he imagined that Moreau had also begun his career in the legal profession. At any rate, he dashed about, commanding and countermanding, and urging the greatest haste in the preparations everybody was making for a grand display in the long main street of the city, called Broadway, which extends to the public promenade designated as the Battery. It was at the latter point that the distinguished stranger was to land. His debarkation took place about an hour later. The general, clad in citizen style, with a blue coat and pantaloons, mounted a horse prepared for him, amid music and the acclamations of the crowd, and rode up, surrounded by his staff of parti-coloured militia, along the main street to the City Hall. Each separate company of each and every battalion wore their own peculiar and frequently extremely singular uniform; and it was impossible to look at the *ensemble* of this military assemblage in any other light than as a harlequin parade; but the officers of this remarkable body were in no slight degree proud of it; and when general Moreau had reached the City Hall, he was very gravely asked by general Morton what he really thought of the American troops? The general is said to have replied, that he had never seen *such* soldiers in the whole course of his life! which somewhat ambiguous compliment was several times repeated to me—at the same time with the greatest seriousness—as something highly honourable to the American military." Which, of course, Nolte considered it was *not*. He goes on:—

"Some American amateurs had got up a great concert on the same evening in the long saloon of the 'City Hotel,' at that time the largest public house in the place. General Moreau was invited

to be present, and promised to comply. The street corners were at once covered with large handbills, announcing in immense capitals that he would attend the concert. I could not deny myself the pleasure of getting a near view of this distinguished man, and so went to the musical entertainment. There was a great crowd present, but the most striking personage in the throng was by no means general Moreau—of whom everybody remarked that he did not look at all like a French general, because he simply wore a blue coat—but general Morton, in his Washington uniform, with a blue coat and yellow facings. The latter introduced to the general every one who wanted to have a good stare at him, and the shaking of hands with ladies and gentlemen went on as if it never would end. At length I managed to force my way close up to these two great leaders, Morton the lawyer and militia hero, and the hero of Hohenlinden. Just as I got there, a quaker had introduced himself to the latter, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, uttered the following words: 'Glad to see thee safe in America!—Pray, general, say, dost remember what was the price of cochineal when thee left Cadiz?' The victor of Hohenlinden shrugged his shoulders and was unable to reply."

On arriving at New Orleans, Nolte did not find much to admire in either the place or the inhabitants. By way of illustrating the general repute in which they stood in other parts of the United States, he relates the following incident out of the experiences of a friend:—"What notions were entertained, in the northern part of the Union, of such a community as made up the population of New Orleans, is clearly conveyed by an anecdote of my friend Mr. M. Amory of Boston. . . . Just as he was on the point of starting from Boston for New Orleans, he had seen in the newspapers an advertisement of a ship about to sail direct to the latter port, and then looking for passengers and freight. Amory called upon the owner to recommend to him his young house as consignee. The owner told him in confidence that he had not at all intended to send his ship to New Orleans, but that he had published the advertisement only for the purpose of discovering, among the passengers who would apply for berths, a rascal who had swindled his brother of a considerable sum of money. 'For,' added the owner, 'I consider it probable that he will try to leave for New Orleans, which, as everybody knows, is a regular rendezvous for all sorts of rogues and rabble.'"

However, in this ill-reputed city Nolte established himself in business, and in a few years made a considerable fortune. Here he was when the war broke out between England and the United States, and he served as a volunteer under general Jackson, who so successfully defended the town against the invaders in January, 1815. Besides risking his person, Nolte had a large quantity of property exposed to jeopardy in this enterprise. In constructing breast-works for defence, the soil was found 'so marshy as to be unfit for service, when a French engineer suggested to Jackson the idea of making use of cotton bales, laid to the depth of three or four one above the other, upon which wooden platforms might be placed for heavy cannon, and secured by means of iron rings and adhesive earth. The old general adopted the sug-

gestion, seizing the first cotton on which he could lay his hands. This was a cargo of 245 bales belonging to Nolte, already shipped on board a vessel for Havannah, and which he was on the point of sending off when the British force arrived. "It was only when the cotton had been brought to the camp," says he, "and they were proceeding to lay the first bales in the redoubt, that the marks struck my attention, and I recognised my own property. Adjutant Livingston, who had been my usual legal counsel at New Orleans, that same evening inspected battery No. 3, where the men were arranging some bales. I was somewhat vexed at the idea of their taking cotton of the best sort, and worth from ten to eleven cents, out of a ship already loaded and on the point of sailing, instead of procuring the cheaper kind, which was to be had in plenty throughout the suburbs of the city, at seven or eight cents, and said as much to Livingston. He, who was never at a loss for a reply, at once answered: 'Well, Mr. Nolte, if this is your cotton, you, at least, will not think it any hardship to defend it.' This anecdote, which was first related by myself, gave rise to the story that Jackson, when a merchant was complaining of the loss of his cotton, had ordered a sergeant to hand the gentleman a rifle, with the remark: 'No one can defend these cotton bales better than their owner can, and I hope that you will not leave the spot!'"

The following will give us some idea of the fierce and determined temper of "Old Hickory."

"The first week of the new year (1815) was occupied in strengthening our defences, and it was particularly ordered to have plenty of ammunition in readiness. The munitions were in charge of governor Claiborne, who was so frightened that he could scarcely speak. On the first of January ammunition was wanting at batteries Nos. 1 and 2. Jackson sent in a fury for Claiborne, who was with the second division, and said to him (with a disgraceful oath), 'If you do not send me balls and powder instantly, I shall chop off your head, and have it rammed into one of those field-pieces.'" After this, ammunition appears to have been abundant; and after the 8th of January, the English gave up all hopes of taking the city, and retired.

Our next extract presents rather a striking anecdote of Mr. Francis Baring, second son of the late lord Ashburton, and who, we believe, now resides in Paris. Nolte says he had, in his younger days, a singular talent for "hitting the right nail on the head," particularly in the way of retort in conversation. As an example in illustration of his remark, he tells us:—"Young Baring was travelling through the western part of Virginia, which was at that time peopled with the roughest class of Americans, and the vehicle he used was a very handsome and newly varnished travelling carriage. In accordance with the favourite custom of these wild fellows, who usually carried a penknife or a nail in their pockets, one of the idlers, who stood and leaned about the door of the tavern where he had alighted for refreshment, amused himself by scratching with a nail all sorts of ridiculous figures on the varnish of the carriage doors. Baring, who came out of the inn and caught our friend engaged in this agreeable and polite occupation, the instant he saw what was going on, very sharply expressed

his disapprobation. The loiterer responded, 'Look here, sir, don't be saucy; we make no ceremony. To other day we had a European fellow here, like yourself, who was mighty saucy, so I pulled out my pistol and shot him dead, right on the spot. There he lies!' Baring rejoined, in the coolest manner imaginable, by asking, 'And did you scalp him too?' The American was so struck with this, and felt this reproach upon his savage rudeness so keenly, that, after gazing at Baring suddenly and earnestly for a moment in silence, he exclaimed, 'You must be a clever fellow! let's shake hands!' It would not have been easy to give a sharper lesson."

During his long connection with the cotton market of New Orleans, Nolte made several visits to Europe, for the purpose of furthering his speculations.

An unprecedented decline in the price of cotton, in the year 1826—he having then large stocks on hand—threw his affairs into disorder, and finally reduced him to insolvency. Into this sad condition he seems to have been precipitated mainly by the failure of a firm in Liverpool, on whose account he had made large purchases. Misunderstandings arose between his agents and the assignees of the firm, and when he himself arrived in London, with a view to attempt some settlement, he found the case in chancery. A gentleman connected with the house of Baring, on whom he called, told him it was likely to stick there for ten years. However, as Nolte had nothing else to do, he set himself to watch proceedings, and was able to effect something towards progress. The whole story is a singularly curious one.

"The first decision," says he, "that of the vice-chancellor, went against us. The judgment was superfluously pronounced, and without proper motives. I at once appealed to the upper court, and to the lord chancellor, and chose as barrister the celebrated Basil Montagu, and, by his advice, the not less renowned Mr. Heald as special pleader. After many postponements and pleadings, which I never missed, the matter was finally decided. One half the delay was caused by the special pleader employed by my antagonists. The second cause of the delay was a circumstance that it took me some time to understand. During my regular, uninterrupted visits to the court of chancery, where he saw me take my seat among the advocates, instead of behind Basil Montagu, lord Eldon became so familiarised with my face that he knew very well who I was, and what brought me there. Several times, when I urged Mr. Montagu to get a day positively appointed on which my case should be heard, he would say, pointing at me, 'On Saturday I'll hear the case of that American gentleman there.' Then turning towards the clerk, he would say, 'Let it be the first.' That meant, that among the many petitions which were placed before him that day, the papers relating to me should be at top. Saturday is the day on which all proceedings connected with bankruptcy are brought up and discussed. The list of the order in which they are to come up is printed, and stuck up on the door of the court-room. Every morning, as I made my way there, I found at the head of this list 'Nolte v. the Assignees of Crowder, Clough & Co.' As an entire day was frequently occupied in the dis-

cussion of a single point, I fancied my cause secure. The list remained unaltered the whole week until Friday. Then, and on the following day, Saturday, I remarked that the words above quoted were no longer on the upper part, but on the fourth line; so that my cause was not to be heard until all the preceding ones had been dealt with. This was incomprehensible to me. I asked a variety of subaltern functionaries the meaning of it, but could get no other answer than 'We do not know, sir,' or 'By the direction of his lordship.' This was all the information I could get."

Nolte subsequently suspected that some minor official had been bribed to make the alteration, and he adopted the following course:—

"The lord chancellor, president of the cabinet, and speaker of the House of Lords, has entirely too much upon his shoulders to remember his directions to an unknown clerk. I must, then, *speake* to him; but *how* was the hard point. One portion of the court of chancery was separated from the rest by a single balustrade. At the right hand of the lord chancellor's seat was a small door, leading into his own room, in which he robed and unrobed, and the custody of which was confided to a door-keeper. I went to him, and told him that I must at once speak to the chancellor, on business of great importance. The answer was, 'You can't see him. His lordship is robing himself.' I, however, pressed my desire very hard, and supported it by slipping a sovereign into the hand of the official. Then he said: 'I'll let you speak to his secretary,' and so opened the door. I reiterated my request to the secretary, and showed him, with the greatest politeness, that I only could enlighten his lordship upon the object of my visit; that I had information of very great importance to give him, which would convince him at once of the pressing nature of the whole affair. 'Well, sir,' he answered, 'on your own responsibility.' He then opened the door of the chancellor's private chamber. Lord Eldon, already rigged and robed, was sitting by a small writing-table. I stepped forward and said, 'My lord.' He looked up, gazed at me earnestly, but as though he knew me, and asked, 'What do you want, sir?' I related, as rapidly as possible, the object of my visit. 'Shameful! shameful!' he said; 'I'll see to it.' Whereupon I made my bow, and left the room; saying only, 'I thank you, my lord.' The evil condition of the matter which had amazed me so much was then ameliorated, and an important gain of time made possible for the future.

"At last the day of decision, so important to me and to my creditors, drew nigh. During the pleadings, Mr. Montagu had said to me, at every question of the chancellor's: 'His lordship goes all the way with us,' and prophesied a positive success. I had employed a stenographer especially for the purpose, and was therefore in condition to send a copy of the very words of the lord chancellor to New Orleans. It went entirely in our favour, upset the decision of the vice-chancellor, and established as law what had never before been so settled in England, that the whole firm must answer for the act of a single partner doing foreign business on account of the house, and that such act could not be construed to bind only the partner who acted, as had been attempted in this case. This

was the more important, that, in the contrary case, the dividend on our whole advance would hardly have surpassed three per cent. I cannot quit the subject of this decision without recording my astonishment at the quiet self-possessed manner and clearness of explanation with which it was given. Among the hundreds and hundreds of cases awaiting decision—among the thousand upon thousand of affairs which lord Eldon had to occupy his attention—yet the whole mass of circumstances, complications, and queries were so systematically arranged in his brain, and their connection was so logical, that he was able to give his decision in so clear and distinct a manner, that you would have thought he was reading it, word for word. And yet this case had been surrounded with questions enough to make it drag along for two years."

Notwithstanding the success of this suit, Nolte, after his failure in 1825, never appears to have regained his original respectable position. Though he once or twice revisited America, he could find no opening for any advantageous trade, and therefore most of the rest of his life has been spent in different parts of Europe. He was some time a contractor for arms under the government of Louis Philippe, and subsequently visited England as the agent of a company formed for turning to account Nicholas Collas's invention of a machine for line-engraving. Failing in these, and various other projects and adventures, in France, Austria, and Russia, he became, in 1848, the editor of a newspaper at Hamburg. Owing to a difference between his politics and those of the proprietors, he did not long hold this engagement; and he seems afterwards to have employed himself in writing a work entitled, "A System of Assurance and Bottomry." From Hamburg he dates the memoirs which we have here brought under notice, they being apparently concluded in May, 1853.

THE COLLIER BRIG.

"Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train,
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main,
That, with her pitchy entrails stored resort,
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port."

FALCONER.

As my friend George Rodmond of the "Nancy Bannana," better known on the coal exchange as "Canny Geordie," has offered me a trip to London and back in his brig, I purpose accepting the kind invitation, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, in the hope of gaining some information on the important subject of coal—how it is conveyed to the metropolis, and the method used to discharge a cargo on its arrival at that great port—a proceeding that, under present circumstances, may not prove uninteresting. With this intention I pack up my box, provide a suit of waterproof clothing, and patiently await my friend's instructions before proceeding further in the matter.

The "Nancy Bannana," deeply laden, is lying in the river Tyne all ready for sea, waiting only for a fair wind to be off; but as it is uncertain when that desideratum will take place, my friend Rodmond advises me to embark at once in case I should be left behind. Fully concurring with him, I adopt the judicious measure, and accordingly

embark in a massive and not over-cleanly boat, which under the conduct of a ridiculously small boy of a still more sooty appearance, slowly conveys me alongside the "Nancy Bannana." Her appearance is not prepossessing. Round clumsy bows, without the least ornament about them, with an equally hideous stern, would alone proclaim her to be a collier, even if other well-known signs about the heavy and sombre-looking hull were not sufficient.

I soon find myself at home on board the "Nancy Bannana," and am quite overwhelmed by the kindly north country hospitality of my friend, who importunes me to partake of beef-steaks and onions, till I am in danger of a surfeit. Fortunately, however, at this juncture the wind becomes fair, and then ensues a scene of noisy bustle and activity, amongst the hundreds of vessels by which we are surrounded, that is impossible to describe.

"Up anchor!" shouts Rodmond the boisterous, who, in sea rig, appears quite a different personage from the sedate-looking Rodmond of the shore. "Up anchor!" is the cry, enforced by repeated heavy blows on the deck with a hand-spike.

Roused from repose, the sooty tribe leisurely arrive one after the other on deck, and, after satisfying themselves that the master's order is necessary and proper, condescend to handle their handspikes, and soon afterwards the windlass's clinging paws give satisfactory evidence that the anchor will soon be free from its oozy bed. A few more heaves, and it rises over the wave, and with canvass wings extended, our departure is thus announced in the local journal of the district:

"December.—Moderate northerly breezes and fine. Sailed the 'Nancy Bannana,' Rodmond master, for London—coals—together with the rest of the outward bound."

We are at sea. Comparatively a clipper, amongst the host of slow conveyances that crowd astern, the "Nancy Bannana" leads the van. A cold piercing wind whistles through the rigging, and fills the grimed sails. The bluff bow of the ship, ploughing deep furrows in the German Ocean, which looks dreary enough this bleak winter's morning, is a source of intense satisfaction to Rodmond, who smiles and rubs his hands in anticipation of a short voyage, and quick returns on the cargo, which, as well as the brig, belongs to himself.

Before we are twenty-four hours out, I learn to appreciate the merits of the dozen or so "old sea-dogs" who compose the crew of the "Nancy Bannana"—prime seamen all, and none more so than Mr. Clewline, the mate, with whom I fraternise heartily, and receive some valuable information.

John Clewline, or simply John, when addressed by the crew, particularly plumes himself on his statistical knowledge, and, with the aid of a greasy-looking memorandum book to refresh his memory, informs me that the extent of the workable area of the coal-fields of the United Kingdom is 5,036,950 acres; also, that at least 37,000,000 of tons are annually raised, worth about 10,000,000*l.* at the pit's mouth, and probably double that sum at the various places of consumption, after the ex-

pense of transit and other incidental charges. He further informs me that the capital employed in the coal trade exceeds 10,000,000*l.* For the supply of the metropolis alone, nearly 4,000,000 tons of coal are required for domestic and manufacturing purposes. The quantity conveyed coast-wise to various parts of the United Kingdom is nearly 10,000,000 tons, while 3,000,000 tons were exported in 1850 to foreign countries and the British colonies.

Meanwhile, the "Nancy Bannana" has reached the neighbourhood of the Swin channel, just as the short winter day closes in, amidst a heavy snow-storm, accompanied by a strong north-east gale. The fleecy flakes, falling so fast and so thick as to envelope every object at the distance of fifty yards in perfect obscurity, cause the utmost perplexity to Rodmond and his gallant band, who conclude to "ride as soon as a spot is found" adapted for the purpose. In the meanwhile the topsails are doubly reefed and the courses hauled up, and with reduced speed the old craft carefully presses her way through the rapidly thickening gloom. "And a ha-a-lf three," draws out a nearly perished nautical in the main chains, quickly gathering in the slack line for another cast.

"Port, my son," shouts out the master to the attentive Timoneer.

"Mark three," is again the warning cry.

"Hard a-port," (down with the helm).

"Why, boys, we shall be on the sunk sand," cries the excited Rodmond; "up wi' the yards, boys."

A furious rush of heavy sea boots now ensues, and all is confusion and uproar—ropes flying about in every direction, the creaking of the blocks heard high above the whistling of the wind, which again is quickly lost sound of in the noisy flapping of the heavy topsails, as the inert mass swoops heavily up into the wind and begins to feel the full force of the gale.

At last the welcome cry of "Mark five" shows we deepen our water, and shortly afterwards the "Nancy Bannana" is safely riding—with two anchors down—in the face of the long winter's night-gale.

The next morning the scene has changed as if by magic. The gale has ceased, and in its stead a pleasant and still fair breeze is swiftly carrying the good brig towards her destination. As we proceed, the scene becomes one of enlivening interest. Crowds of vessels of all sizes and descriptions surround us on every side, each striving to reach first the longed-for goal. As we pass Sheerness, captain Rodmond seeks the solitude of his state-room, from which, in the course of half an hour, he emerges in gay attire, holding a bundle of papers in his hand. Gravesend is at length descried. Shortly afterwards, a most respectable individual, dressed in brown, is seen hurrying with eager haste towards the custom-house of that celebrated cockney watering-place. This personage is our friend Rodmond, who at once delivers to the authorities the ship's papers and other documents relating to the quantity and quality of the cargo, and receives in return the all-important information as to which of the numerous tiers in the river the "Nancy Bannana" is to remain on turn.

Oh, fortunate Rodmond! oh happy first-comer!

or, rather, oh skilful mariner!—for skill has more to do than luck with success—you are to proceed at once up to the wharves in London, for the supply of coal is less than the demand, and the good people of London require large fires at this inclement season of the year. Your factor at the Exchange in Thames-street has satisfactorily disposed of your cargo; so all you have to do is to get on as quickly as possible. We do so, viewing with compassion the last arrival of the immense fleet of coal vessels momentarily increasing, and imagine the chagrin of the last comer, probably condemned to several days' if not weeks' detention in the Pool before her turn arrives to be discharged.

At length our voyage is at an end, and the old craft is comfortably moored in the stream, much to the satisfaction of Mr. John Clewline, who now directs his attention to the requirements of the barge, which has in the interim arrived alongside to take in the first instalment of the black diamonds.

Ere long the coal meter, or measurer, makes his appearance on board—a most respectable man and an important functionary of the City Corporation, by whom he is deputed to see that each purchaser has his right quantity: in fact, he is a sort of generalissimo of the coal-whippers engaged to unload the cargo instead of the ship's company, who are not permitted to officiate in any other capacity than barge keepers. The hatches being taken off, an upright spar or derrick is then erected over the hold, having at its top a gin, or revolving wheel, to which the rope holding the basket of coals is attached. The whippers now come forward, an athletic gang, nine in number, including the basket-man, whose duty will be recorded presently. Before proceeding to business, however, the calumet of peace has to be smoked between the crew of the "Nancy Bannana" and the new arrivals, and porter consumed to cement the alliance against their common enemy the coal, which has to be dislodged from its stronghold.

This ceremony being concluded, the coal-whippers, who are in high good humour at having heaved a "three days' ship"—that period being necessary to discharge the "Nancy Bannana," which carries 300 tons—commence erecting the "way," a structure resembling a rough short ladder about five or six feet in length, generally formed of boat-oars about a foot or so from each other, and having four steps; the whole being attached to a couple of pair of sheers. Everything being ready, such as the basket—to contain about one and a half cwt.—bent on to the whip, and overhauled down into the hold, weighing machine fixed with its spout overhanging the vessel's side and properly weighted, the coal whippers distribute themselves thus: four men remain in the hold to fill the basket, relieving each other at regular intervals; four more stay on deck to hoist the basket up, which then passes through the hands of the basket-man on the weighing machine, and from thence to the hold again. The basket being filled, the four men on deck, each holding a rope attached to the whip, skip up the way, pulling the ropes simultaneously as they ascend, thus raising the loaded basket some way up the hold. Having reached the topmost bar of the way, they pause for an instant, and then with one accord

recklessly hurl themselves backwards on to the deck, giving the momentum of their bodily weight to the basket, which pops up above the hatchway like a "Jack in the box.*" Before the basket has time to "lose its way," as the sailors say, it is dexterously seized at the proper moment by the basket-man, who, standing on a plank over the hatchway, runs it on, and quickly reversing the basket, shoots the contents into the weighing machine, from which receptacle, after being weighed, it is discharged into the barge alongside.

By the above process about one hundred tons of coal are discharged daily, and so laborious, harassing, and dirty is the occupation of a coal-whipper, that men's skins have been known to turn perfectly black in a single hour. Even the basket-man is not exempt from this calamity, and is in addition constantly exposed to the imminent risk of being precipitated into the hold, a depth of from ten to sixteen feet, if not very dexterous in carrying forward the basket at the right moment.

The coal having been all discharged, the operators depart as pleasantly as they arrived, and the "Nancy Bannana" is once more under the sole control of her estimable commander. In the meanwhile, the ballast which has been ordered from one of the ballast offices comes alongside in a lighter, and is taken in with all despatch, after which the "Nancy Bannana" sails on her return voyage to the north, which we once more reach after a favourable passage of four days.

ANECDOTE OF BERNARD GILPIN.

ONE Sunday morning, coming to a church before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him, who utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit; and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. "I hear," said he, "that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see, I have taken it down;" and pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation; and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasions to mutual love as he thought would most affect them.

The disinterested pains he thus took among these barbarous people, and the good offices he was always ready to do them, drew from them the sincerest expressions of gratitude, a virtue perhaps as frequently the growth of these natural soils as of the best cultivated. Indeed, he was little less than adored, and might have brought the whole country almost to what he pleased.

* The injurious effects arising from this mode of working are adverted to in the present number of this journal—article "Diseases of Working Men."